I arrived at the church around Noon. Based on what I knew about the timing involved in my little endeavor, I had several hours to kill

I had scouted the church several days earlier, and knew I could sneak undisturbed to the stairwell that led to the bells.

As I ascended those creaky old stairs, it started to dawn on me what an adventure I was about to embark on.

I was excited, but also nervous. I could put myself in this position, but would I succeed at my goal? In a few short hours I would get my chance.

This small dingy and dusty room was my staging area to my future self. For now, I needed to exercise patience.

I was waiting on those old metal bells to clang now. And when they did, they would trigger the start of my dreams coming true.

I waited patiently, and finally at long last I heard those bells toll.

BONG! BONG!

BONG!

I could then hear some men up above arguing, no doubt Spider-Man and the Vulturion I was expecting.

Soon it would be only Spider-Man. The Symbiote would start to weaken from the noise, eventually discharging from his body to save itself.

I could hardly contain my excitement seeing the hostless alien dragging Spider-Man's unconscious body to safety, just as I knew it would.

I knew I had seconds to act before it fled. Would it even listen to me given its state? I didn't know, but I had to try.

I moved quickly from my spot, and approached the hostless alien.

Our eyes locked and I knew I was officially committed.

With haste I exposed myself to the alien, my intention to show it visually I was a willing host.

The first part of it that reached me was my feet and lower legs. I could feel the material impacting and coating my skin. It was cold and gooey feeling at first, but then felt very warm.

I could feel my heart pounding in my chest and my mind racing with excitement as I then called to it, speaking in a soothing way so it could make no mistake what I wanted.

My plan seemed to be working!
It began to move and flow itself towards me, it's undulations clearly now aimed in my direction.

It did continue, though. I could feel it coating my legs proper, it's liquidy and tight material writhing around them as it continued it's joining process.

I could tell my feet were becoming booted, and could sense the trepidation the alien felt at what it was doing.
I wasn't home free with it yet.

I was waiting with anticipation for what it'd feel like when it did cover my private area, and needless to say I wasn't disappointed by the sensation of it doing so.

Soon after, from my waist down was covered and within the alien costume.

I could sense sense how weakened it was being linked to it as I was at that point. The bell clanging didn't just hurt it's pride. It was hungry for symbiosis, hungry to finish linking itself to me.

We were both committed now to at least leaving that small room with one another. And, we were on a time table.

If Spider-man were to get up, it'd complicate what was happening needlessly.

The alien seemed to be aware of this fact too, so I needn't have worried.

I was in the costume from the neck down before I knew it and could feel it clinging to me tightly.

I was not disappointed with how things were going. If anything the suit felt even nicer then I had anticipated.

It was hard to get a read on what the alien was feeling about attaching to me. Was it doing it out of necessity from being so weakened, or curiosity at a willing host, or both...? I couldn't say quite yet.

Whatever it's reasoning, it did not matter to me. I was now wearing it.

I needed to get moving. My choices were the conventional way like I had come, or to implore the alien to drive us home.

The alien was ALL mine.

... the suit listened to my suggestion, and fired webbing.

I mentally suggested that the alien assume control and guide us with it's web swinging, and before I could even bring myself to verbally say anything more...

We were soon on our way. Flying through the air in nothing more than a skin tight living suit was exhilarating to say the least.

Seeing what I looked like in the suit for that first time was also a treat. The way it hugged my curves and accentuated my physique, there was no question it was meant to be worn by a woman.

I could've continued swinging around for hours, but desperately wanted to get home.

The alien was starting to mentally ping me, and I didn't want to be 30 stories up learning how it communicated.

Knowing that the suit was really a living and thinking being mingled with my body, and seeing how I great I looked in it, it was impossible to not have naughty thoughts.

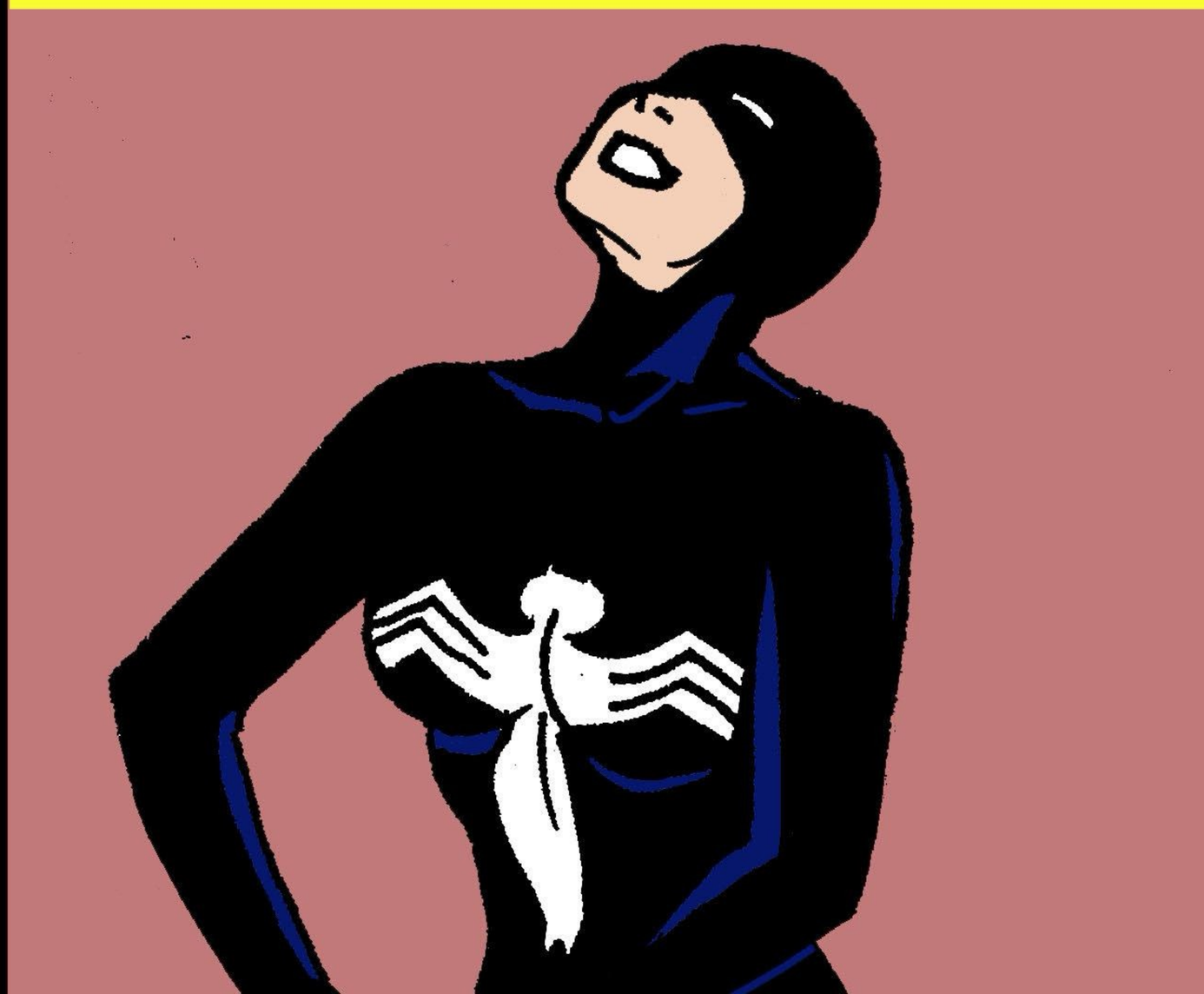
I was already aching and yearning to explore just what the suit could do for me sexually when prodded... and now I could act on my impulses.

With how wet and gooey the alien's material naturally was, I'm sure it would be INSANELY pleasurable...

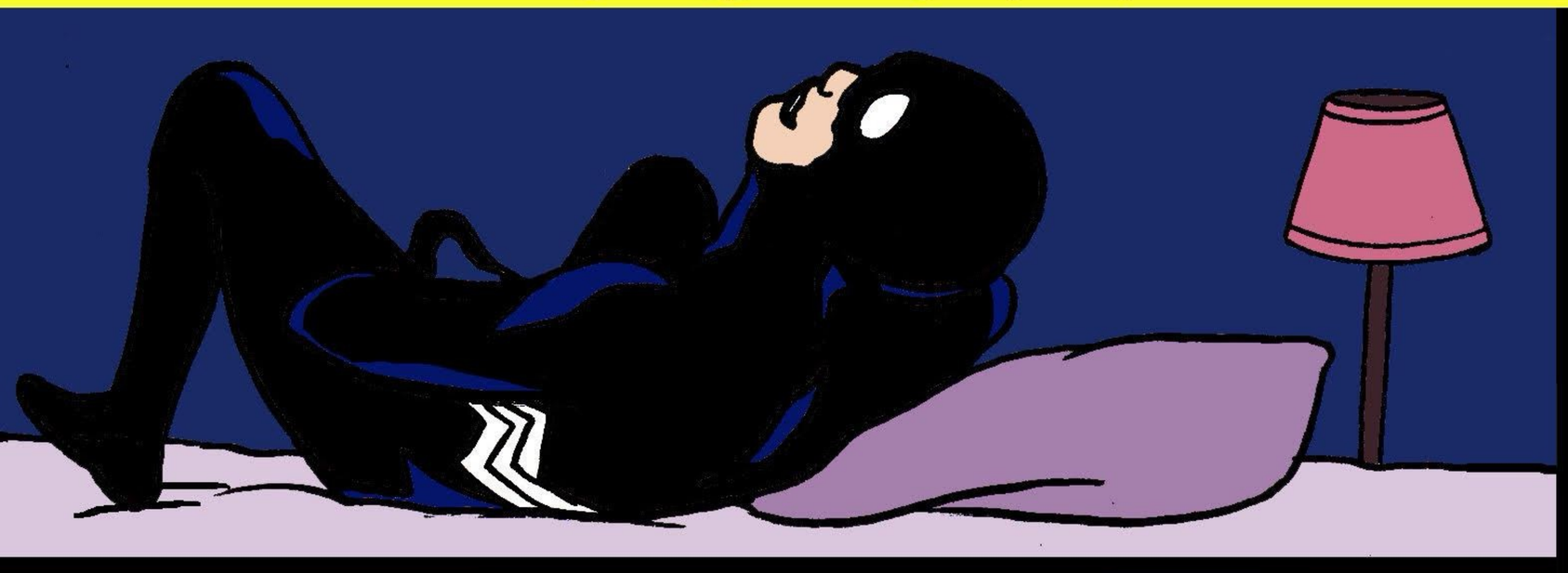
I could tell the alien was intrigued by what I was doing, and was pleasantly going along with my wishes.

Maybe due to it's time with Peter earlier or maybe because of it's link to me, the alien seemed to recognize when there had been enough foreplay to engage a woman sexually...

... and then proceeded to begin doing so, right then and there as I stood.



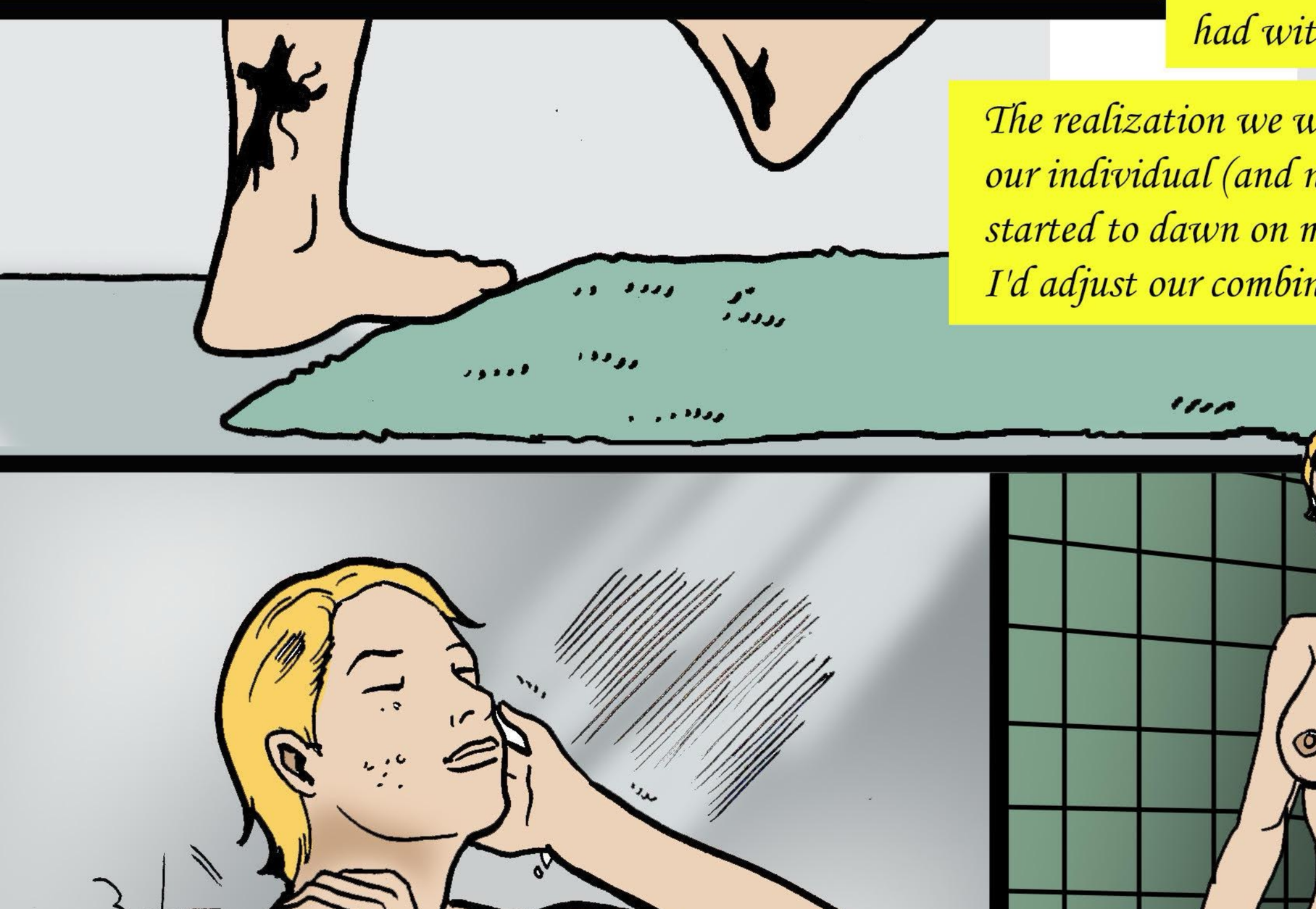
And then, when I couldn't stand any longer, I ended up in my bed. There I was, rolling back and forth trying to not lose my mind over the orgasmic release the alien was causing to ripple through my body over and over and over again.

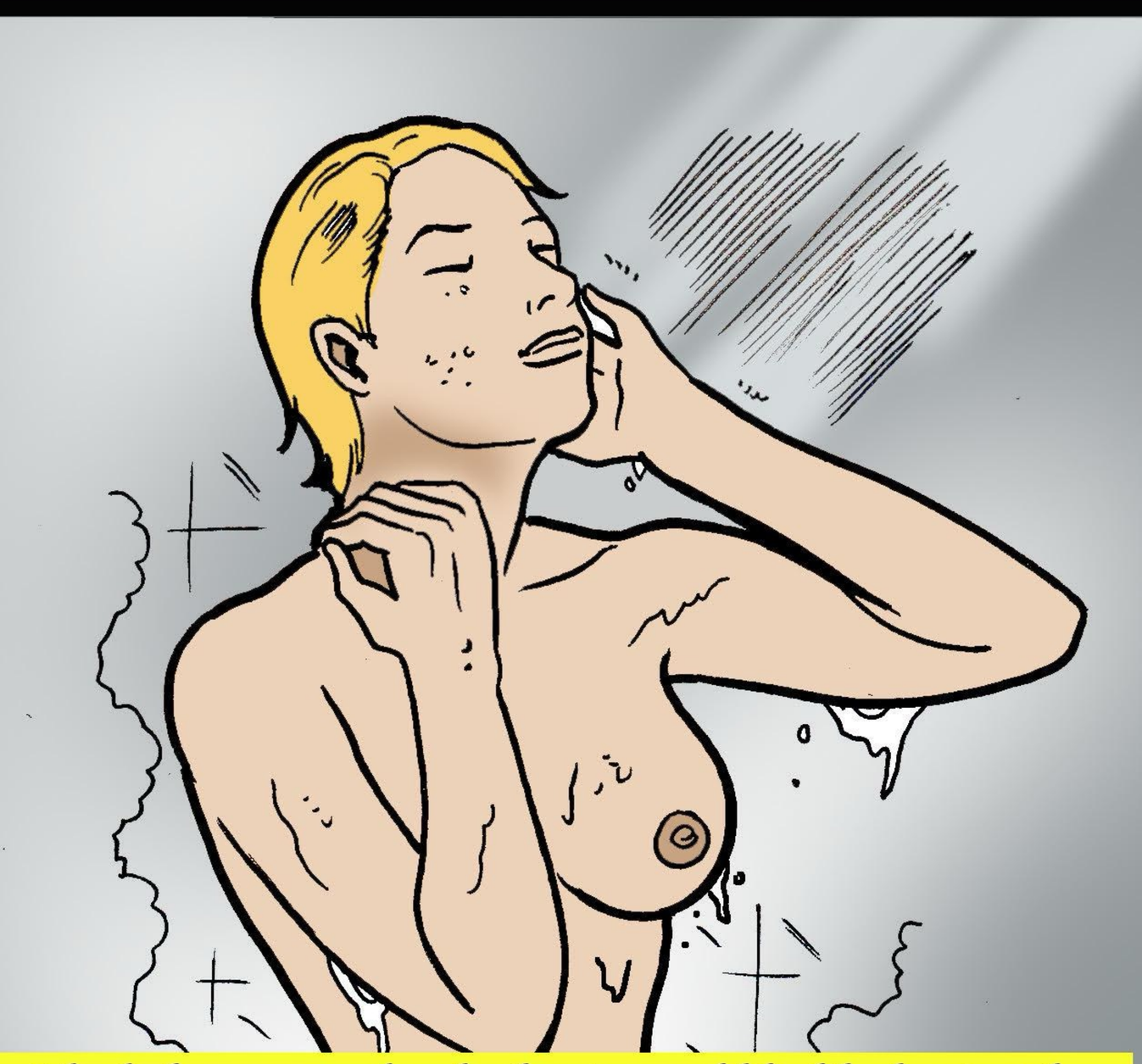


There was a nice calming peace now that swept over me as I sat there in postcoital joy eating some leftovers. It felt like there was a true understanding in place already, that whatever trepidation the alien may have had with me as a host initially was gone.

Finally I had had enough. However much time had passed I could not say, but I knew it was dinner time by my hunger pangs.

The realization we were both exhausted after our individual (and now intimately shared) days started to dawn on me. First a shower, and then I'd adjust our combined image.





I had always wondered what it would be like having the alien retreat from my body into my very cells. I didn't need to wonder any longer. It was a strange sensation feeling it entering me. I could FEEL the alien was present within me, mingled to my body, but I couldn't see any sign of it visually.

Refreshed, my mind immediately jumped to what the next step invariably had to be: a proper and fearsome remodel was in order.

It seemed to accept my answer that I only had our mutual best interests in mind, and agreed that it's current situation being linked with me was assuredly better then having no host at all.

The alien didn't seem to care who I was, but it was DEFINITELY interested in how I knew it would be where it was so I could put myself in the position that I had to be wearing it.

I was safe and back in my apartment and had succeeded in my mission. A slight relief had begun to come over me, mixing with my still bubbling excitement.

I noticed that the suit's "voice", which was initially nothing more then a low buzzing noise or murmur in the back of my head, had grown louder and more pronounced. Almost as if in the brief time I had worn it, it had already figured out the best way to communicate it's wishes in my head.

I told the alien I understood it's anger with him, and that it was right to feel the way that it did. It was a gift to be treasured by a host, not a piece of scum to be exterminated as he treated it to be.

It was denouncing Spider-Man for what he had tried to do to it, using odd verbage and mispronounced words that it must've assimilated poorly during it's time amongst the human race while hosted by good ol' Petey.

Taking the alien for granted was something I was never going to do. The transformative nature, vast super powers and general pleasure that simply wearing it made it impossible for me to do so.

I knew first hand how lucky I was that things were the way they were, now. How many people could say they had worn an alien symbiote costume like I was? It was the definition of living out a fantasy in many ways.